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WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1909.

## POSTPONEMENT OF COMMITTEE'S REORGANIZATION.

Though there has been some criticism of the action of the city Democratic in deciding to postpone its reorganization until August, the Daily Press is inclined to believe that the step was a wise one, provided it is no violation of the State party law. The State plan seems to contemplate the reorganization of committees at the time candidates for the House of Delegates are selected, and for this reason it had been generally supposed that new committees for this city would be elected on June 12.

With a view of having the question passed upon, City Chairman Perkins recently addressed a letter to Mr. Ellyson, asking for an interpretation of the party law. In a reply, which was before the city committee Monday night, Mr. Ellyson was not particularly emphatic in his ruling, but gave the committee to understand that he did not believe it would be in violation of the State party law to reorganize the committee in August. In short, the State chairman practically tells the committee to decide the question for itself, and this the committee has done. Of course the committee represent the local members of the Democratic party, and if there should be any widespread dissatisfaction, the decision to reorganize in August can be reconsidered, and of candidates for the committee placed upon the ticket for the June primary. Unless the objection seems to come from a substantial part of the party voters, however, the committee should and very probably will, stand by its action of Monday night.

There are various reasons why it is not advisable to elect new committees in June. In the first place, like all local primaries, the one in June involves several very warm contests, in which local candidates for office and their friends are doing their best to occupy the entire attention of the voters. Interest is centered upon these contests, and at this time scant attention would be paid to the selection of committees. Such attention might be given perhaps would be of an undesirable kind. It would be easy for the contests between aspirants for membership on the committee to get mixed up with the other fights in such a way as to sow seeds of discord in the party ranks. Battles with in the party are bad enough at best, and every possible effort should be made to choose nominees and settle all questions arising without embittering strife and dissension.

Of course there will be considerable interest here in the gubernatorial primary, but the interest in this will be as nothing compared with that existing in the local contests about to be decided. Hence, when voters in the various wards desiring to serve the party as members of the city committee present their names in August, a committee will be selected with due consideration and without regard to any other contest.

There is still another good reason for postponing the reorganization. To add the names of half a dozen or more prospective committees to the June ticket would make the ballot

very long, and just that much more troublesome to vote and count. It is expected that there will be about 1,500 votes cast in June, and with each ballot in an envelope, as prescribed in the new plan adopted by the committee Monday night, it will take until nearly midnight to complete the count even if additional work for the clerks and judges is not made by placing the names of candidates for the committee upon the ballot.

## THE EXPECTED DIDN'T HAPPEN IN THIS CASE.

After all the kidnapping of "Billy" Whittaker seems to have been just a plain case of kidnapping for the purpose of forcing a fond parent to part with a few of the almighty dollars. This is one case in which the expected did not happen. When the first stories concerning the abduction of "Billy" came out, probably two thirds of the newspaper readers were confident that there was "something back of it." The unusual and mysterious conduct of the abducted boy's father; the apparently significant remarks let fall by the Boyle woman, and, in fact almost every circumstance brought out seemed to indicate that the full story would tell of something besides kidnapping.

But James and Helen Boyle have gone to prison, the former for life and the latter for 25 years, and no additional sensation has been furnished. Even in imposing the justly severe sentences the court did not deal out the expected, for persons who commit this sort of a crime, especially when one of them is a passably young and pretty woman, seldom get their deserts.

What is most surprising of all, the part life of Papa Whittaker is, as far as the world knows, all that it should have been, and his strange behavior following the kidnapping of his boy apparently was not on account of a fear of tales that would be told by the kidnappers if they were taken to court.

## FUNDS WANTED FOR THE PLAYGROUNDS MOVEMENT.

Heartily approving the idea, and believing that the money necessary to defray expenses in connection with such a movement should be furnished by the whole public, the Daily Press has agreed to receive subscriptions to a fund for the establishment and maintenance of public playgrounds for the use of the city's little folks.

The details of this movement were explained by the speakers who addressed the mass meeting at the Academy last night, and practically everyone is familiar with them. The idea is to place swings, various games and other amusements on the Casino ground for the free use of children under the age of 16 year and to have a watchman on hand to see that the youngsters do not hurt themselves, or damage the property. If the first playground proves a success, it is proposed to establish others, probably one in North End and another in East End.

This movement is for the benefit of everybody who has an interest in the city and the city's children. Therefore everybody should contribute something toward its support. No large contributions are expected, but there are hundreds of people who ought to be willing to give from 25 cents to \$5. Sums much smaller than \$5 probably will be the rule, therefore no one should hold back for fear that he or she is unable to give an amount that will be acceptable.

The Daily Press will receive contribution through its business office at any hour of the day from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. and such amounts as may be received will be turned over to the committee with the names of the contributors.

## Safety for Submarine Crew.

Crews of British submarines are taught how to use a safety helmet and waterproof jacket designed to save them in case the submarine on which they are engaged is sunk. The men are taught in a special tank and are lowered into the water in a kind of diving bell. They learn to put on the helmet and jacket, which carry a store of air capable of being used over and over again and which can be put on in 30 seconds—and also how to leave the sunken vessel.

## Start with Hot Poker.

To take out rusty screws heat a poker red hot and hold it for a few moments to the head of the screw. Then use the proper sized screwdriver—to fit the slot of the screw—and it will come out quite easily and with very little trouble.

## Well, That's Different.

"Meeting a king is well worth the price," says a prominent Philadelphia woman. That's all right, but did she ever meet one with three others? Philadelphia North American.

## "His Wife"

By TRYNIE DUBOIS

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Mrs. Harlow held the pistol in her hand and examined its mechanism with an absent-minded frown. The loads lay in a glass of water on the table beside her; presently she picked them up in her fingers, dried them on her handkerchief, replaced them in the empty chambers of the revolver, and, crossing the room, laid it on the chimney-piece.

Then she sank her hands deep in the wide pockets of her empire dressing-gown, compressed her lips for an instant, sighed heavily, and rang the bell. To the responding servant she said briefly:

"I want to speak to your master;" and then she turned towards the window and waited while the man went through the many corridors that lay between the private suite of his master and mistress and the billiard room, where all the men of the party were making a jolly end to a rainy day.

A telegram had just come for Hughes, summoning him to town by the midnight express. Chamberlaine, who had arrived late and had to share his friend's apartment, was so overjoyed at the prospect of a whole bed to himself that he offered to drive him across country to the train. He regretted the offer directly he had made it, but Hughes had exhibited so much pleasure in his acceptance that it seemed impossible to withdraw. While they were discussing the matter the man came in with Mrs. Harlow's message. There wasn't a fellow present who would not have been less surprised if their hostess had sent for herself—Mrs. Harlow being "that kind of woman." Harlow flushed with a mixture of ignorance and pleasure and quitted the room at once. After he was gone all the men but Hughes laughed; Hughes didn't laugh because he was scribbling an order to send to the stables.

Then Chamberlaine became sober all of a sudden. "I don't believe I'll



"Tell Me All."

go, after all," he said, "it's raining harder than ever."

Hughes walked across to the bell-rope.

"Don't go back on a friend, Billy," he said as he rang, "I need you tonight."

Harlow, as he hurried along the halls, wondered what his wife wanted. He wasn't the sort of husband whose presence is frequently demanded.

Then he opened the door of the boudoir and saw her sitting there alone by the fire, and somehow all his independent ideas deserted him, and he recoiled abruptly into his usual deferential attitude towards the creature who contemplated the flames and agitated her gilded slipper with an air of languidness unparalleled.

"You—you seat for me."

She turned and looked towards the voice, then rose up and stood there, resting her hand on the chairback. Her gown of velvet hung in great, golden folds around her, and the firelight outlined the splendor of her hair and throat and form. She was a strikingly beautiful woman—the sort of woman who wisely chooses to marry a man both moral and dense. She stood there now, measuring him and measuring herself, and then, at last, she spoke:

"I sent for you because I wanted to know how much courage and how much greatness of character you possess."

Harlow, being masculine, naturally was as completely sure of the possession of every desirable attribute as he was unaware that his ears stood out and his legs were bowed.

"Anything you want, Ada," he said, "you know you can have."

"As he spoke he could hear that his words did not sound quite up to the occasion, although it must be admitted that as a general rule none could be better suited to alleviate any female woes, be their cause great or small."

Mrs. Harlow loved her big, glaucous eyes upon him and smiled.

"Thank you," she said, "I have made up my mind that the only thing to do is to confess the whole to you."

Harlow looked frightened.

"My—my dear," he stammered—and then his legs trembled so that he had to sit down.

Mrs. Harlow came towards him and knelt at his feet, looking up at him with a look that she could feel the forbidding in his eyes.

"Ada," he said, and stopped just short of "my dear," and shook violently with a nervous chill.

"I haven't done anything wrong," said the weeping wife, continuing to wipe her face.

"I never did think much of Chamberlaine," said Harlow, trying to recover his equanimity and failing utterly.

"You must be very brave," she whispered.

"I'll defend you with my life," he answered, and took out his handkerchief to wipe his forehead—"tell me all."

"I knew him before I was married," she went on. "I used to write to him. He has all my letters, and none of them are dated." She began to cry very hard indeed. "Do you know what he said to-day?—that he would bring them all to me to-night—if—if—"

"The villain!" said Harlow, with energy.

"He has been threatening me for a year, and I have been almost crazy—" She paused and lifted her beautiful tear-stained face up to his.

"Ah, my husband, are you magnanimous enough to forgive me, to stay here and meet him, and then force him to surrender the letters?"

Harlow gasped. The memory of Chamberlaine rose up before him like that of some evil genius.

"Oh Ada," he said, "can't I write him a note?"

Mrs. Harlow started to her feet and crossed the room to the mantel.

"He will be here in ten minutes," she cried, hastily. "See! Here is a pistol. He will be unarmed and totally unexpectant. You must take him by surprise, and then overcome him. I know you can do it!" She lifted the pistol and showed it to him with a smile.

"My hero!" she murmured, and left the room.

The door had not closed behind her when Harlow precipitated himself upon the pistol, seized it gingerly, carried it to the window, and threw the loads out on the damp grass below.

"There might have been an awful accident," he said, with pale lips. Then he put the pistol back on the mantel, turned out the light, and sat down to spend the worst minutes he had ever known. He remembered Chamberlaine's attempt to get out of driving Hughes to the train. Forgotten his project, eh!—the villain!

The husband tried to grit his teeth, but they persisted in chattering instead; then he heard a stealthy tread in the hall, and the cold beads of perspiration started out all over him. He pressed the button with his shaking hand and the room was suddenly illumined.

In the midst of the glare Chamberlaine stood bewildered. He had on a mackintosh and carried an umbrella. The expression on his face so nearly approached fright that Harlow felt suddenly courageous and advanced boldly.

"I know all," he said, impressively—"all."

Chamberlaine was close to the door. He said: "There's some mistake," and turned to go.

Then all the pent-up fury which the inoffensive husband of a flirtatious wife may accumulate during eight or ten years of married life suddenly boiled up in the veins of Harlow and led him to spring upon his guest. But the latter was slippery to catch on account of the mackintosh, and as he jumped backward he handled his umbrella so neatly and dexterously that his host paused in his onslaught and backed towards the mantel. The next minute the revolver-barrels gleamed on the scene.

Chamberlaine's whole attitude altered at once.

"You're mad!" he said, coolly, and with incredible speed and dexterity he rushed upon the other man, knocked the weapon out of his hand, threw him to the ground, and pinned him there, helpless.

"Now kindly explain?" he said, as he looked quietly down on his panting guest. "Are you out of your mind?—or what is it?"

"You villain!" gasped Harlow, "you come into my house by invitation and then try to barter my wife's honor against her girlhood's folly."

"Go on," said Chamberlaine, "I want to know exactly what I am supposed to be committing to-night."

"I want those letters. She has told me the whole story."

"Whose letters?"

"Her letters."

"She never wrote me a letter in her life."

"What?"

"I say she never wrote me a letter in her life."

"What did you threaten her with, then?"

"I never threatened her. What should I threaten your wife for?"

"What did you come here for, then?"

"Hughes told me to wait here for him. I was to have driven him to the train."

As he spoke Chamberlaine loosed his grip and rose to his feet. Harlow rose too.

"Where is Hughes now?" he asked.

"I suppose he's gone. He had to make the fast express. He wouldn't have waited for me when I didn't come—he isn't that kind, you know."

The two men looked at each other, and the look grew into a stare, and the stare bred a sort of understanding.

"Hughes sent you here," said Harlow, very slowly, "and my wife sent me."

"I occupy the room with Hughes," said Chamberlaine.

"And I—"

Harlow stopped.

Across the stillness of the wet night sounded the whistle of the fast express.

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All business between New York and Newport News transacted at pier No. 6.

All business between Newport News, Norfolk, Smithfield and local points transacted at Pier "A" foot of Twenty-fifth street, W